

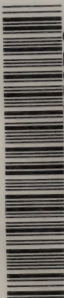
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Ken. (Bishop)

Hymns

with

a Greek translation



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BISHOP KEN'S HYMNS,

WITH

A GREEK TRANSLATION.



THREE HYMNS,  
FOR  
MORNING, EVENING, AND MIDNIGHT,  
BY BISHOP KEN.

OXFORD  
1831.

# ΥΜΝΟΙ ΤΡΕΙΣ·

ΗΓΟΥΝ,

ἙΩΘΙΝΟΣ ΤΕ ΚΑΙ ἙΣΠΕΡΙΝΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΜΕΣΟΝΥΚΤΙΟΣ·

ΚΕΝΝΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΜΑΚΑΡΙΤΟΥ.

*By Edward Grosvenor B.D.  
C.C. Col: 450*

ΕΝ ΟΞΩΝΙΩ

αωλά.



Ὁ ἙΡΜΗΝΕΥΤΗΣ Τῷ ΑΝΑΓΙΝΩΣΚΟΝΤΙ  
ΧΑΙΡΕΙΝ.

---

Τῶν μὲν ὕμνων, ἀδελφὲ, τῶν τριῶν, ὧν περ Κέννος ὁ ἐπίσκοπος τὸ πάλαι ποιητῆς ἐγένετο, ὁ μὲν πρῶτος καὶ δεύτερος ὀλίγοις τισὶ τῶν Χριστιανῶν λεγομένων ἀγνωστοί που ἂν εἶεν· ἅτε ἀπανταχοῦ τῆς ἐκκλησίας ἐν κοινῷ τε καὶ κατ' ἰδίαν ταῖς καρδίαις τε ἡμῶν καὶ τοῖς στόμασιν ὁμοίως ἐπαναστρεφόμενοι. Ὁ δὲ τρίτος, ὁ μεσονύκτιος ἐπιγεγραμμένος, καί περ οὐχ ἥττον ἐπιχαρίς γε ὢν, οὐδὲ τῆς εὐσεβείας οὔτε τοῦ ποιήσαντος οὔτε τῶν χρησομένων αὐτῷ οὐδέν τι μᾶλλον ἐνδεέστερος, εὐλόγως μέντοι τῇ χρειᾷ τε καὶ τῇ ξυνηθείᾳ οὐκ ἐπὶ τοσοῦτον δέδημοσίευται.

Ὅσον τι γοῦν βοήθημα πρὸς τὸ ἐν τῇ χάριτι προκόπτειν, καὶ ἐν τῇ ἀγάπῃ τοῦ Θεοῦ τε καὶ τῶν ἀνθρώπων, οἱ ὕμνοι οὗτοι πεφύκασιν ἔχειν, τοῖς ὀρθῶς γε χρωμένοις δῆλον ἂν εἴη. Ἐγὼ δὲ οὔτε τῇ σχολῇ τῇ ἑμαυτοῦ παραχρησάμενος ἂν μοι ἐδόκουν τυχεῖν, οὔτε τῶν ἐπιτηδευμάτων γε τῆς Ἀκαδημίας ταύτης ἀλλότριόν τι ἐργασάμενος, εἰ τοὺς τρεῖς ξυναγαγὼν, καὶ Ἑλληνιστὶ μεθερμηνευσάμενος πρὸς τὴν χρῆσιν τῶν Ἑλληνιστῶν ὁμοίως καὶ Βρεταννιστῶν γιγνωσκόντων, καὶ οὐχ ἥκιστα τῶν νεωτέρων ἐν ἡμῖν, ὅπως τύποις ἐκδοθήσονται ἐπιμεμελημένος ἦν. Σὲ δὲ, ἀγαπητὲ, μετὰ πάσης προθυμίας τε καὶ εὐαρεστήσεως τῷ ἐπινοήματι ἡμῶν βουλοίμεθ' ἂν συγγινώσκειν.

Τὴν μὲν οὖν ἀλήθειαν σκοποῦσιν, οὐ τὴν διάλεκτον τῶν ἐντενυζομένων αὐτῷ, ἀλλὰ τὴν γνώμην τε καὶ τὴν διάθεσιν τῆς ψυχῆς, κρινεῖ ὁ Θεός· οὐδὲ τῆς γλώττης πρότερον ἢ τῆς καρδίας ἀκούσεται· ἥς ὑπαρχούσης, ὡς προσῆκον, ἀπλᾶς τε καὶ καθαρᾶς, οὐδὲν διοίσει ὁποῖω τινὶ τρόπῳ τὸν καρπὸν τῶν χειλέων τῷ Κυρίῳ παραστήσεται· οὐδ' ἐν ὁποίᾳ τινὶ ἐρμηνείᾳ τὰ περισσεύματά γε αὐτῆς διὰ τοῦ στόματος προανεκβαλεῖ. Ἄλλ' εἰ γάρ τινος καὶ ἄλλης, οὕτω καὶ τῆς Ἑλλάδος γλώττης, καθάπερ μᾶς ἱερᾶς οὔσης, καὶ τοῖς τῶν ἁγίων λειτουργήμασιν ἐν τοῖς μάλιστα πρεπούσης, ἀποδέξασθαι ἂν ἡμᾶς δικαίως ἂν ἔχοι· καὶ γὰρ εἰ τῇ Ἑβραϊδὶ φωνῇ διὰ Μωσέως τε καὶ τῶν προφητῶν εἰσέτι καὶ νῦν ἡμῖν διαλέγεται ὁ Θεός· ἀλλὰ μέντοι γε ἐν τῷ εὐαγγελίῳ τε διὰ τοῦ Υἱοῦ, καὶ ἐν ταῖς λοιπαῖς γραφαῖς τῆς καινῆς Διαθήκης διὰ τῶν ἀποστόλων αὐτοῦ, τὰ μυστήρια τῆς κοινῆς ἡμῶν πίστεως τοῖς Ἑλληνικῶς ξυνιούσιν Ἑλληνιστί γε ἀποφθέγγεται.

Ταύτας οὖν τὰς δύο γλώττας ὡς ὅτι μάλιστα σπουδῆς ἀξίας, καὶ ἐφ' ὅσον δύνατος ἂν ᾖς ἀκριβοτέα σοί γ' εἶναι κρίνας ἂν, ἀδελφε, ὀρθῶς ἂν γνοίης· καὶ τῇ χάριτι τοῦ Θεοῦ πρὸς ἀλήθειάν τε τῆς σοφίας καὶ εἰλικρίνειαν τῆς πίστεως τε καὶ τῆς ἀγάπης αὐτοῦ ἀνεμποδίστως ἂν προβαίης. ἔρρωσο.

## MORNING HYMN.

---

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run.  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mispent time that's past ;  
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last :  
To improve thy talent take due care ;  
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere ;  
Thy conscience as the noonday clear :  
Think how all seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Influenced by the Light divine,  
Let thy own light in good works shine ;  
Reflect all heaven's propitious ways  
In ardent love and chearful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part ;  
Who all night long unwearied sing,  
Glory to the Eternal King.



## ΎΜΝΟΣ ἙΩΘΙΝΟΣ.

ΨΥΧΗ τί μέλλεις τῶν προσηκόντων πόνων  
δραμεῖν τὸν αὐτῆς, τὸν ξὺν ἡλίῳ, δρόμον·  
ὄρθρου δ' ἐγερθεῖς ἀργίαν διασκεδᾶν,  
καὶ τὴν ἑῴαν προσφέρειν σου δωρεάν ;

Τὸν καιρὸν ἤδη, τὸν μάτην ὀλωλότα,  
σῶσόν ποτ' αὖθις· τὴν ἐφeskῶσαν δ' ἄγε  
ὥς ὑστάτην σου· καὶ τὸ πιστευθὲν χρέος  
καλῶς τιθεμένη, προσδόκα τὴν ἡμέραν

Κεῖνην, πόθ' ἥξει· χ' ἀπλότητ' ἀσκοῦς αἰεὶ,  
καθάρευε τὸν νοῦν φέγγος ὥς μεσημβρινόν·  
καὶ πάντα τᾶργα, πάντα τ' ἐνθυμήματα,  
τὰ κρυπτὰ, μέμνησ' ὥς κάτοιδέ σου Θεός.

Λαμπρὸν δὲ φωτὸς τοῦ παρ' οὐρανοῦ σέλας  
μαθοῦς, ἐν ἔργοις καὶ σύ γ' ἐκλαμψον καλοῖς·  
ἔρως δ' ὁ δεινός, καὶ πρόθυμος ἡ χάρις  
πρὸς πᾶν τὸ χρηστὸν ἀνθαμιλλάσθω Θεοῦ.

Ἐγειρε σαυτὴν, καρδίαν τ' ἐπηρμένην  
ὑμνων μετασχεῖν τῶν ἐν ἀγγέλοις μέρος·  
οἳ καὶ δι' ὄρφνης καὶ δι' ἡμέρας νόμοις  
ἀέναον σέβουσιν ὑψηλὸν κράτος.

I wake, I wake ; ye heavenly choir,  
May your devotion me inspire ;  
That I like you my age may spend,  
Like you may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight ;  
Have all day long my God in sight ;  
Perform, like you, my Maker's will ;  
O may I never more do ill.

Had I your wings, to heaven I'd fly :  
But God shall that defect supply :  
And my soul, winged with warm desire,  
Shall all day long to heaven aspire.

Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept.  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless light partake.

I would not wake, nor rise again,  
Even heaven itself I would disdain,  
Wert not Thou there to be enjoyed,  
And I in hymns to be employed.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art ;  
O never then from me depart :  
For to my soul 'tis hell to be  
But for a moment without Thee.

Ἐγρηγορῶ δὴ· πῶς δ' ἄρ', οὐρανοῦ χοροί,  
τῆς εὐσεβείας τῆς ἴσης ὑμῖν τύχῳ;  
ὥς μήτ' ἐν ἄλλοις τὸν βίον διεξάγω,  
μήτ' ἀμφέπων μου τὸν Θεὸν κάμνω ποτέ.

Τούτου ξὺν ὑμῖν καὐτὸς ἡσθείην λαχών·  
τοῦτον δὲ πάσης εἰσορῶν δι' ἡμέρας·  
καὶ τοῦ κτίσαντος εὐλαβούμενος μόνου,  
οὐ μή ποτ' αὐθις εἰς ἁμαρτίαν πέσω.

Ἀμηχάνως δ' ἔχοντι τοῖς ὑμῶν πτέροις  
ἄνω φέρεσθαι, τὴν ὁδὸν δείξει Θεός·  
πανήμερος γὰρ τῷ πόθῳ ὑπερωμένη,  
ἡ καρδία μου τῶν ὑπερθ' ἐφήσεται.

Ἄλλ', ὦ τὸ σῶμα νυκτὶ φρουρήσας ἐμὸν,  
κοιμωμένῳ δοὺς ἡδὺν θέλγητρον κόπων,  
σοὶ χάριν ὀφείλοιμ'· ὧδε καὶ μ' ἐξυπνίσαι  
πρὸς τῆς ἐσαιεὶ φέγγος ἡμέρας θέλοις.

Οὐκ οὖν ἔγωγ' ἂν οὔτ' ἀνασταίην ποτέ·  
οὔτ' ἂν τιν' αὐτοῦ λόγον ἔχοιμι τοῦρανοῦ·  
εἰ μή τι κακεῖ σοῦ γ' ἐπαύρεσθαι τύχοι,  
καὶ τοῦμὸν ὥδαῖς ἀνταποπλήσαι κέαρ.

Ὡς αὐτὸς ὦν ἅπαντα, καὐτὸς οὐρανὸς,  
ὅπου ποτ' εἴης· τήν γ' ἐμὴν οὐ μὴ κλιπεῖς  
ψυχήν· ἐπεὶ σου κακαρῇ χρόνον μένειν  
ἄνευθεν ἄδης γίγνεται, δεινὸν κακόν.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew :  
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, controul, suggest this day  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow :  
Praise him all creatures here below :  
Praise him above, ye angelic host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



Εὐχὰς μὲν ὧ νὰξ τὰς γ' ἐμοῦ νέας δέχου·  
τῶν πρὶν δ' ἐφ' ὥς δρόσου λύσιν δίδου·  
βουλῆς δὲ καὶ νοῦ πρῶτα τὰ κπιδύματα  
τοῦ μοῦ φυλάξας, πνεῦμα πλήρωσον σέθεν.

Θελημάτων δὲ, καὶ λόγων, καὶ πραγμάτων  
τῶν τήμερόν μου καὶ διορθωτῆρ γενοῦ,  
κάρχηγός αὐτός· ὥς ἂν ἡ ξύμπασά μοι  
δύναμις, ὅση ποτ' ἐστὶ, σὸν σπεύσῃ κλέος.

Θεὸν δὲ, πάντων τῶν καλῶν τε καὶ ἀγαθῶν  
αἰνεῖτε πηγὴν, πᾶν κάτωθ' ἐκτισμένον·  
αἰνεῖτ' ἄνωθεν τ' οὐρανοῦ στρατεύματα·  
Πατέρα τε, χ' Υἱόν, καὶ τὸ Πνεῦμα θ' ἅγιον.

## EVENING HYMN.

---

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light.  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings  
Under thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Triumphing rise at the last day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close :  
Sleep that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.

## ΎΜΝΟΣ ἘΣΠΕΡΙΝΟΣ.

---

ἌΝΑΞ ἀνάκτων, σοὶ μὲν οὖν πάντων γ' ὑπὲρ  
τῶν φωτὸς ἀγαθῶν εὐχαριστῆσαι θέλω·  
ἔπειτα νυκτὸς τῇσδε σοῖς ὑπὸ πτέροις,  
οἷς πάντα τηρεῖς, ἀσφαλῶς πεσὼν ἔχειν.

Ξυγγνώθι δ' οὖν μοι, διὰ τὸν Ἥγαπημένον,  
τοῖς πᾶσι φαύλως τήμερον πεπραγμένοις·  
ὥς καὶ πρὸς αὐτοῦ, πρὸς δέ σου, καὶ τῶν πέλας,  
πρὶν ἐμπεσεῖν εἰς ὕπνον, εἰρήνης τύχω.

Οὔτω δὲ τὸ ζῆν σοῦ διδαχθείην παρὰ,  
ὥς μηδὲν ἄδην τοῦ λέχους τρέμειν πλέον·  
οὔτω δ' ἀποθανεῖν, ὥστε καί μ' ἐν ὑστάτῃ  
ἀνταναβιῶναι πρὸς θρίαμβον ἡμέρα.

Εὐδουσα μὲν φρήν σοί γ' ἐπαμπαύσαιτ' ἐμῇ,  
γλυκὺς δὲ τοῦμόν ὕπνος ὄμμα συμβάλοι·  
ᾧ τ' ἂν πρὸς ἔργα, πρὸς τε θρησκείαν πάλιν  
τὴν σὴν ἐγερθεὶς ζωπυρούμενος τύχω.

Εἰ δ' οὖν ἄϋπνος κείσομαι, ἠθυμμημάτων  
ξυνιέναι μοι τῶν ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ δίδου·  
ὥς μήτ' ὀνείροις ἐκταραχθῆναι κακοῖς,  
μήτ' αὖ πονηρῶν ἐντυχεῖν τῷ πνεύματων.

Dull sleep, of sense me to deprive !  
I am but half my days alive :  
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved  
To lie so long of Thee bereaved.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,  
Let it not hold me long in chains,  
And now and then let loose my heart,  
Till it an hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the sense does bind,  
The more unfettered is the mind.  
O may my soul, from matter free,  
Thy unveiled goodness waking see.

O when shall I in endless day  
For ever chase dark sleep away,  
And endless praise with the heavenly choir  
Incessant sing, and never tire !

You, my blest guardian, whilst I sleep,  
Close to my bed your vigils keep :  
Divine love into me instil,  
Stop all the avenues of ill.

Thought to thought with my soul converse,  
Celestial joys to me rehearse ;  
And in my stead, all the night long,  
Sing unto God a grateful song.



Ὕπνος, τί δή με πάντ' ἀναίσθητον ποιεῖς ;  
ὥς τοῦ βίου μοι θήμισυ ζώω μόνον·  
ἄλγος μὲν, ὧ 'ναξ, τοῖς ἐρώσι γίγνεται,  
τοῖς σοῖς, τοσοῦτον σοῦ γ' ἀπεξεύχθαι χρόνον.

Ἄλλ' εἰ γὰρ ἦττον τὰσθενὲς πέφυκέ μου  
λήθης θ' ὕπνου τε· μήτ' ἄγαν δεθεὶς τύχῳ,  
μήτ' ἐς τοσοῦτον, ὥστε μὴ οὐ τῆς ἀργίας  
αἰεί ποτ' ἀφεθεὶς καρδίᾳ ψάλλειν τί σοι.

Ὅσον δ' ἄρ' ὕπνῳ σῶμα δουλωθήσομαι,  
ὁ νοῦς τόσῳ δὴ πλέον ἐλευθερώσεται·  
εἰ γάρ ποθ' ὕλης γυμνὸς ὦν τὴν τὰγαθοῦ,  
τὴν σὴν, ἐν ὀρθοῖς ὄμμασι βλέποι φύσιν.

Εἴθ' ὥφελ' ἤδη ταῖς ἀνεκλείπτου φάους  
ἀκτίσιν ὕπνου πᾶν κατεσβέσθαι σκότος·  
αὐτὸς δ' ἀπαύστοις, ἐν χοροῖσιν οὐρανοῦ,  
ὕμνοισιν ᾄδων μὴ καμεῖν τοῦμόν μέρους.

Σοὶ δ', εὐλογητὲ τοῦ λέχους τοῦμοῦ φύλαξ,  
καλῶς καθεύδοντας δι' εὐφρόνης μέλοι·  
θείου δ' ἔρωτος εἰς ἔμ' ἐνστάξας ῥοήν,  
ἄφρακτον οὐδὲν τῇ πονηρίᾳ λίποις.

Νοήμασιν δὲ καὐτὸς ἐννοίαις πάλιν  
ἐμοῖς ὁμιλῶν, τῶν ἀνωθεν ἡδονῶν  
τὸ τερπνὸν αὐδαῖν· καὶ δι' εὐφρόνης Θεῶ  
προσδεκτὸν ὕμνων ἀντ' ἐμοῦ τιμὰς νέμειν.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow :

Praise him all creatures here below :

Praise him above, ye angelic host,

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Θεὸν δὲ, πάντων τῶν καλῶν τε καὶ ἀγαθῶν  
 αἰνεῖτε πηγὴν, πᾶν κάτωθ' ἐκτισμένον·  
 αἰνεῖτ' ἄνωθεν, τ' οὐρανοῦ στρατεύματα·  
 Πατέρα τε, χ' Υἱὸν, καὶ τὸ Πνεῦμα ἅγιον.

## MIDNIGHT HYMN.

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LORD, now my sleep does me forsake,  
The sole possession of me take :  
Let no vain fancy me illude,  
No one impure desire intrude.

Blest angels, while we silent lie,  
Your hallelujahs sing on high :  
You, ever wakeful, near the throne,  
Prostrate, adore the Three in One.

I now, awake, do with you join,  
To praise our God in hymns divine:  
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,  
And bid the night and world farewell.

My soul, when I shake off this dust,  
Lord, in thy arms I will entrust :  
O make me thy peculiar care,  
Some heavenly mansion me prepare.

Give me a place at thy saints' feet,  
Or some fallen angel's vacant seat :  
I'll strive to sing as loud as they,  
Who sit above in brighter day.



## ὙΜΝΟΣ ΜΕΣΟΝΥΚΤΙΟΣ.

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ἌΝΑΞ, ἐπειδὴ τοῦ γ' ὕπνου λειφθεὶς κυρῶ  
τὸ νῦν, σὲ μοῦνον βούλομαι ψυχῆς κρατεῖν·  
ὥς μήτε δοξῶν ἐς φλυαρίαν κενῶν,  
ἢ τῷ ματαίῳ ἐμπέσω ἰπιθυμῶν.

Ὑμεῖς μὲν ᾧδαῖς καὶ σιωπώντων ὁμῶς  
ὑμνήσαθ' ἡμῶν θεῖον ἄγγελοι σέβας·  
ἀεὶ δ' ἐρηγοροῦντες, ἀμφὶ τὸν θρόνον,  
τοὺς Τρεῖς θ' ὁμανλοι, τὸν θ' Ἕνα προσπίπτετε.

Κἀγὼ μεθ' ὑμῶν, ὡς ἀπαλλαχθεὶς ἔχω  
ὕπνου, τὸν ἡμῶν αἰνέσω κοινὸν Θεόν·  
κἀγὼ μεθ' ὑμῶν οὐρανόν ποτ' εὔχομαι  
κόσμου τε χωρὶς, τοῦδε τ' οἰκήσειν σκότου.

Τὸ πνεῦμα τοῦμόν, τήνδ' ἀπορρίψας κόνιν,  
ἐς χεῖρας, ᾧ ἵναξ, σὰς παρεγγνήσομαι·  
ἵν' ὡς μάλιστα σοῦ φυλάξοντος τύχη,  
καὶ τῶν ἐν ἄστροις ἐκλάχῃ δόμων τινά.

Ἐκεῖ δὲ τῶν σῶν πρὸς ποσὶν γ' ὑπηρετῶν,  
ἢ του' ἰκπεσόντων εἰς ἔρημον ἀγγέλων  
στήσόν με βαθμόν· κοῦδὲ τῶν τάνωτάτω  
ἰδρυμένων τίς μ' ὀρθιόν γ' ὑπερβαλεῖ.

O may I always ready stand,  
With my lamp burning in my hand :  
May I in sight of heaven rejoice  
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Glory to Thee, in light arrayed,  
Who light thy dwellingplace hast made :  
An immense ocean of bright beams  
From thy all-glorious Godhead streams :

The sun, in his meridian height,  
Is very darkness in thy sight :  
My soul, O, lighten and inflame  
With thought and love of thy great Name.

Blest Jesus, thou, on heaven intent,  
Whole nights hast in devotion spent :  
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,  
And all my zeal is soon expired.

My soul, how canst thou weary grow  
Of antedating heaven below,  
In sacred hymns, and divine love,  
Which will eternal be above ?

Shine on me, Lord ; new life impart :  
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart.  
One ray of Thy all-quickenning light  
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Ἄεὶ δ' ἐτοίμως τῆς παρουσίας ἔχων  
τῆς σῆς, λύχνον τε διὰ τέλους ὥπλισμένον  
ἐν χερσὶ φαίνων· οὐρανοῦ γ' ἐπ' ἐλπίδι  
τοῦ νυμφίου φωνοῦντος ἡσθείην κλύων.

Ἄλλ', ὦ τὸ φέγγος ἀμφιπεριβεβλημένος·  
μέσον δὲ φέγγους ἐγκαθιδρυθεὶς θρόνον·  
ἀεναοῖς ἀκτῖσιν ἔνθα, σῆς ἀπὸ  
δόξης, ἄπειρος ὡς θάλαττα προῤῥέει·

Ὡς θ' ἥλιος μὲν, ἐν μέσοις ὑψώμασιν,  
οὐδέν τί γ' αὐτῆς νυκτὸς ἐκλάμπει πλέον·  
σύ μοι καταυγάσεις· ὥστε τοῦνομα  
τὸ μέγα νοεῖν σὸν καὶ φιλεῖν κατ' ἀξίαν.

Μακάρι' Ἰησοῦ, σαῖς μὲν ἐκτενεστάταις  
ὕλαι προσευχαῖς νύκτες οὐ διήρκεσαν·  
τοῦμόν δ' ἀπηγόρευκεν ἐν βραχεὶ μένος,  
σπουδὴ δὲ πᾶσα, ζήλος οἷχεται δὲ πᾶς.

Μὴ δῆτα μὴ σύ γ' ἐκκάμης ψυχῇ, κάτω  
προλαμβάνουσα τὴν ἐν οὐρανῷ ποτε  
δίαιταν, ὕμνοῖς θεῖον ἐκπλήσας ἔρον,  
ὧν οὐδὲν ὑψοῦ σοι τέλος γενήσεται.

Ἐμφώτισόν μοι, καὶ νέαν ζωὴν δίδου·  
νέον δὲ θάλπει καρδίαν θέρμαιν', ἄναξ·  
ὥς ἐν παρ' αὐγῆς τῆς ἐνεργούσης βέλος  
τοῖς πᾶσι, νύκτα τ' ἀργίαν τ' ἀποσκεδᾷ.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,  
Watch over thine own sacrifice :  
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,  
And make my very dreams devout.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow :  
Praise him all creatures here below :  
Praise him above, ye angelic host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



Τὴν σὴν δ' ὅπως μὴ κρύβδ' ὁ πειράζων φθάσει,  
 τήρησον αὐτὸς καὶ φύλασσε προσφοράν·  
 καὶ πᾶν τὸ φλαῦρον, πᾶν δ' ἀπεκβαλὼν ἐμοῦ  
 τ' ἀναγνον, αὐτοῖς ἀγίαςόν μ' ἐνυπνίοις.

Θεὸν δὲ, πάντων τῶν καλῶν τε καὶ ἀγαθῶν  
 αἰνεῖτε πηγὴν, πᾶν κάτωθ' ἐκτισμένον·  
 αἰνεῖτ' ἄνωθεν, τ' οὐρανοῦ στρατεύματα·  
 Πατέρα τε, χ' Υἱὸν, καὶ τὸ Πνεῦμα θᾶγιον.





